

The TATTLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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and BYSTANDER

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Marcus Adams

Mrs. B. G. Ellison and Her Daughter

Mrs. Bartholemew Guy Ellison is the younger daughter of the Hon. Alan Boyle, A.F.C., and Mrs. Boyle, of Mount Esk, Lasswade, Midlothian. Her father, who served in the last war in the Royal Scots Fusiliers and in the R.A.F., is the Earl of Glasgow's younger brother. Mrs. Ellison was married in 1941, and has one daughter, Caroline Anne, seen in this picture. Her husband is a twin son of Major Guy Morton Ellison, of Hykeham Hall, Lincolnshire



WAY OF THE WAR

"By Foresight"

Success

THE fall of Sebastopol is another great success for the Russians which frees the Crimea of the enemy and opens the way to the control of the Black Sea. The whole operation, which started with a siege followed by a storming of three days, seemed to take on an air of inevitability which might rob the victory of its real importance if it were not for the fact that it will enable the Russians to complete their preparations for bigger, and certainly more far-reaching operations elsewhere. The time is approaching when the Russian armies will undoubtedly surge forward simultaneously with the Allied assault in the

driven to a display of careless humour by which they hide their deep sentiment for things they have learned to cherish and must now lose under the persistent hail of bombs.

Propaganda

NOBODY has spoken more frankly, even brutally, than General Dittmar, the spokesman of the army. Each week he brings to their notice some new prospect of darker and more dangerous days. Some of his comments could be called defeatist. The other night he told the German people that they were living in a hemmed-in fortress. The necessity of being ready at any time was a heavy burden. He went on to say that in past months things had become more acute, and more aggravating. Then he continued: "There may be a general onslaught on all and every front. We do not wish either to overestimate or to underrate the possibilities of such a general attack. We are facing an action which the Allies have been preparing for years, which is based on a superabundance of technical needs and is safeguarded in every way humanly possible." Obviously there is a purpose in this kind of talk. Dittmar's masters are doing their utmost to inure the German people against any possible shock. Also the military caste wish to underwrite possibilities of failure. If and when there is a collapse the German High Command want to be able to say: "It's not our fault. We told you this might happen. The blame belongs to Hitler."

Guessing

IT seems that the game of guessing the date of "D" Day is being more eagerly played in the United States than it is in this country.



Mr. Curtin, Broadcaster

The Australian Prime Minister is seen at the microphone during his recent Sunday evening broadcast. Mr. Curtin, said to prefer a "live" audience, has made a number of broadcasts since becoming Prime Minister

Obviously nobody can want to know when the invasion of the Continent is due to take place, for such knowledge would be dangerous and a heavy burden to carry. Thus the people of this country maintain their sober expectancy while the Germans fly their kites and make all manner of wild statements in the hope that they might glean even the tiniest particle of information. There is one very interesting aspect of German comment and propaganda. Contrary to their usual practice the Germans are not threatening us; there has not been the slightest suggestion that they might attempt a counter-invasion of this country. Yet it is perfectly possible that the German High Command have considered this form of



General Devers is Amused

During a tour of the Eastern Italian front, held by a Canadian division and Indian infantry, General Devers, Deputy C-in-C. Mediterranean Forces, tried his skill with a kukri, favourite weapon of the Gurkha Regiment

west and the revival of activity in Italy. This prospect of a synchronized attack on all fronts is having its reactions among the military leaders and their commentators in Germany. Hence General Dittmar's latest remark: "The Allies cannot possibly continue to hold us in the present state of tension as long as they please."

Apathy

THE most striking aspect of this phase of the nerve war is the apathy of the German people. The loss of Sebastopol is not calculated by any of the normal signs to have any effect on German morale. Indeed, there appears to be, as far as one can gather from neutral reports, little interest in the Eastern Front which was once watched by them with such anxiety. Nor does the prospect of invasion from the west appear yet to have attracted much attention. All that the Germans are concerned with for the moment is the bombing offensive. Even this terrible weapon of destruction does not seem to have produced any visible signs of collapsing morale. The Germans are brave people who take a desperate pleasure in their sufferings. At the moment, however, their reactions, if they can be called reactions, are different. They seem to be dulled and



Visiting Invasion Squadrons

The King recently visited a R.A.F. secret headquarters, inspecting invasion squadrons. R.A.F. plans for dealing with the Luftwaffe on the opening of the second front were described to him. Above, His Majesty shakes hands with G/Capt. C. R. Lousada, who commands one of the R.A.F. wings to play an important part

offensive-defensive and may be contemplating putting a plan of this kind into operation. It would be typical of German mentality to hit out when they are trapped. As General Dittmar's propaganda talks show, the German people are like rats in a trap with all their enemies about to move on them.

In these circumstances I believe that those people who assert their conviction that the Germans will not sit down and meekly await our coming on the shores of the Continent without attempting some spectacular diversion have got a lot of sense on their side. Above all, we must not forget that Hitler is sitting back quietly waiting for that one and final opportunity to force a stalemate or a political compromise which would save him and his regime. Yes, there might be something quite sinister in the absence of the usual German bluster and threats.

Victory

THERE is something of historic importance in the joint statement issued by the Prime Minister and President Roosevelt to the effect that again in the month of April the number of U-boats sunk exceeded the number of Allied

ment which destiny had given him." At the same time President Roosevelt's supporters have set about attacking Mr. Thomas Dewey for his anti-Soviet speeches and his lack of experience. This can only mean that these astute politicians are convinced that Mr. Dewey will be the Republican candidate.

President Roosevelt, as usual, refused to commit himself when asked bluntly by newspaper men if he intended going for the Fourth Term.

Modification

THERE are signs that Dr. Salazar, the head of the Portuguese Government, will modify his attitude and agree to restrict exports of wolfram to Germany. This would bring his country into line with Spain and, at the same time, demonstrate his sympathy for the Allied cause.

Up to a very short time ago Dr. Salazar was not disposed to make any concessions to Allied pressure. He was insistent that as a neutral Portugal had every right to trade with all belligerents in this war.

The negotiations which were being con-



A Tea Van in Italy

The Hon. Dudleya North, working for the Y.M.C.A., left England in May, 1943, and has been in Africa and Sicily before going to Italy, where she now serves the troops as far forward as she is allowed



Naval Decorations

Lt.-Cdr. John Church, R.N., from St. Asaph, N. Wales, received the D.S.O., D.S.C. and bar at a recent investiture. With him above is Capt. Alan Scott Moncreiffe, R.N., of Prinstead, Hants, who received the D.S.O. and bar



At Buckingham Palace

Sir Dawson and Lady Bates accompanied their son, Lt. John Bates, Rifle Brigade, when he went to the Palace to receive his M.C. Sir Dawson is M.P. for Victoria in the Northern Ireland Parliament, and a former Home Secretary

merchant ships lost. This means that the German idea of waging war at sea has failed and that the Allies have become the masters of the U-boat.

It must mean, of course, a serious blow to the German hopes, but I prefer to look on it as a development which will help civilization in the years ahead. Having obtained mastery over the submarine, there is no reason why we should lose it. The cost of submarine warfare must have been very heavy for the Germans in the last twelve months, and it becomes increasingly doubtful whether they will be able to maintain this aspect of their war effort.

Return

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is back at his desk in the White House once more after his four weeks' holiday. The reports all agree that he is completely recovered and back to his old form. His return coincided with the first definite indication of his likelihood to seek a fourth term of office.

Mr. Robert Hannigan, the Democratic Party chairman, has declared that the American people "are determined that Franklin Roosevelt shall complete the assign-

ducted by British and American diplomats were becoming exceedingly difficult when all of a sudden it seems that Dr. Salazar decided to change his mind. Portugal has been supplying nearly 2,000 tons of wolfram annually to Germany and the loss of any portion of this amount on top of the restriction of exports from Spain would be a heavy blow to the Nazis.

Indefinite

SIR SAMUEL HOARE is back in London looking as trim and as fresh as ever. Years lie lightly on him, and he shows no strain from the hard work which the negotiations with the Spanish Government necessitated in recent months. But the question politicians are more interested in having answered at the moment relates to Sir Samuel's future. Will he go back to Madrid as Ambassador or resume his place in the House of Commons? There is no doubt what Sir Samuel would like to do. He would like to remain in London with, if possible, a post in Mr. Churchill's Government. The general impression is that this laudable desire will not be fulfilled, and that Sir Samuel will be asked to go back to Madrid for a further period of useful work.



General Smuts in Cairo

En route for England, Gen. Smuts stopped at Cairo, where he is seen above with Gen. Sir Bernard Paget, Lady Theron and Major-Gen. Theron, who commands the Union Defence Force in the Middle East

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Three Films

By James Agate

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

Yes, but suppose that out of the million aimed at, the high man scores 999,000 misses? There is evidence in *A Canterbury Tale* (Odeon) that somebody has tried to do something dignified, unusual and respectable. But what? No theme disengages itself, and try as I will, I cannot weave incidents which have no connection with one another into any kind of pattern. There is some good photography and there is one first-rate performance; the rest is a series of incoherent babblings which do not begin to add up. Yet I repeat there is evidence that somebody has tried to do something out of the common.

This frolic, fantasy, farrago, or whatever its fabricators claim that it is, not only fails to hang together; it doesn't even hang apart!

and is allowed by the organist of Canterbury Cathedral to deputize for him on the day of an important ceremony. The young fellow promptly bursts into the Toccata and Fugue, when we all knew he couldn't possibly have resisted "A Journey to a Star Cannot be Very Far." There are pictures of British troops marching through the streets prior to embarkation, *immediately followed by a flock of sheep*; the symbolism of this is too obvious to be missed, and I hold it to be unhappy. Are we to believe that the moths in the caravan stand for our moth-eaten English ideology? But then I seem to remember that Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, who have made this film, had something to do with *Colonel Blimp*, that picture which showed Nazi officers as docile, lamb-like fellows doting on Schubert.

But to resume. The girl's soldier lover whom she thought killed turns out to be alive in Gibraltar, and the American soldier who has not heard from his girl for seven weeks suddenly

Destination Tokyo (Warners) is soon disposed of. It does nothing that we have not seen over and over again, though we have seldom seen it so well done. The story tells how three of the crew of a submarine land on the coast of Japan near Tokyo and wireless information as to that city's disposition and vulnerability. They safely regain the ship on which, in the meantime, someone has had a totally irrelevant operation for appendicitis. Presently a handful of airplanes sets off from the deck of an aircraft-carrier, and in ten minutes appears to do rather more damage to Tokyo than British and American bombing has done to Berlin in ten months. The submarine crawls home safely, and a charming wife and two delightful children await the Captain (Cary Grant). Very good stuff of a very old kind. The moral? Simply that if I lived at Brighton or Broadstairs nothing would induce me to go for a walk after dark lest I should fall into a nest of Germans wirelessly to an aircraft-carrier in the middle of the English Channel.

WILL somebody please tell me the correct use of the word "allergic"? When I wrote recently about some film that the lover in it seemed to be allergic to his mistress, lots of people wrote to say that what I really meant was that the mistress was allergic to the lover. Very well then; let's have it both ways. Either I am allergic to Mexico or Mexico is allergic to me. I know nothing about this country, and don't want to know anything about it. I can never remember whether it is in North or South America, and my entire stock of information about it is that volcanoes may go off at any moment, that the country is thickly covered with cactus, that the exports consist of guava and rumba dancers, while its principal import is Don Ameche.

You can imagine, then, that I went to *The Forgotten Village* (Academy) prepared to snooze through some prickly, sun-drenched story of no interest. The picture was announced as being by John Steinbeck, who had written in the synopsis: "It means very little to know that a million Chinese are starving unless you know one Chinese who is starving."

I entirely agreed. To be perfectly candid, it would have meant very little to me if the picture intended to show the whole population of Mexico dying of tsetse-fly or humming-birditis. Now, after this preamble, let me say with maximum sincerity that I watched this picture, lasting an hour and ten minutes, in entire and complete absorption. It told again the old story of dirt, ignorance, prejudice and superstition, and showed how an entire village would rather its babies perished than that they should be saved by a vaccine drawn from a cow or a horse. (A few people in this enlightened country still hold this view, including, I understand, one extremely distinguished dramatist.) The photography was entirely remarkable, with none of that nonsense about using the cinema cinematically, the Mexican peasants acted with superb naturalness, and the film was blessedly silent save for some appropriate music and the story-telling of Burgess Meredith, who used so much tact that while one got the full sense of what he was saying one was quite unconscious that one was being spoken to.



John Steinbeck's "*The Forgotten Village*" is at the Academy Cinema

"*The Forgotten Village*" is in the heart of Mexico. The people are ruled by superstition, magic, and fear. Disease sweeps through the village; the children die; magic effects no cure. Only with the coming of modern science is the race saved from extinction. Left: Trini, the Wise Woman, tries to cure a child with ancient magic. Right: The doctors disinfect the well, the source of the infection

It begins with a magistrate who has a mania for pouring glue on to girls' heads, not because this gives him a perverse delight, but in order to prevent the said girls from walking out with the soldiers at a nearby camp, and so keep them faithful to their Kentish sweethearts overseas. (It does not occur to him to assess the value of faithfulness so bought.) Challenged, Mr. Thomas Culpeper, J.P., says that he has poured the glue on the girls' hair because—admirable *non sequitur*!—he wants to pour into the minds of the community the belief that the country is a better place to live in than the town. To reinforce this we are given views of the Weald of Kent which is largely filled by small boys hired by an American soldier to track down the glue fiend in the manner of Emil and the Detectives. At large in the picture is a land girl who was formerly a shop assistant in a London stores and is surprised to find that the caravan that she has shut up for years has come to resemble Miss Havisham's dining-room. There is an English sergeant who in peace time is a cinema organist

receives twelve letters with the Australian postmark, since she has gone to Sydney to help in the war against Japan, or something. Perhaps, since there is some chatter about Canterbury Pilgrims, and miracles and blessings, these things happen because the film is taking place in Canterbury, with the implication that if the scene had been Widnes or Wendover the girl and the soldier would have lost both lover and letters. Nonsense! I should be more impressed if our authors knew that the word for the sound made by horses' hoofs on a road is not "throb" but "beat." There are some pretty pictures of Kentish scenery and some nice views of the Cathedral, and Sergeant John Sweet of the U.S. Army is apparently a good, natural screen-actor. The lunatic magistrate? My natural kindness and a long-standing friendship forbid me to disclose the actor's name. But the whole thing is deplorable. Let me be not misunderstood. I do not say that the unfortunate actors in this film did not do what they were asked to do. I say that the most expert gatherers of wool will still be engaged in wool-gathering.



Capt. Harvey Ross (Dana Andrews) and Lieut. Peter Vincent (Don Barry), members of General Doolittle's squadron, signal with their flashlights after a forced landing in Jap-occupied China



Captain Ross's crew of eight are betrayed by a Chinese traitor and turned over to the Jap military authorities. They are charged with murder and given a Japanese attorney, Itsubi Sakai, as defending counsel



The first witness against the Americans is the Chinese traitor, Yuen Chiu Ling, who testifies that the airmen boasted of machine gunning children at play and bombing hospitals and schools

"The Purple Heart"

A Terrifying Indictment of Jap Atrocity as Meted Out to American Prisoners of War



The flyers realize that the trial is a mockery. One of them pleads passionately with the Axis correspondents present to report the shameless procedure to the world. He is knocked out by a blow from the soldier guard



With cunning persuasion, General Mitsubi demands that the flyers take a secret vote amongst themselves. He insists they are going beyond the call of duty in maintaining silence at the cost of their lives

● Darryl Zanuck's *The Purple Heart* is the story of the trial of eight U.S. Army flyers captured after General Jimmy Doolittle's raid on Tokyo. The men are condemned to death. They die gallantly, worthy winners of The Purple Heart, the most prized of all American decorations



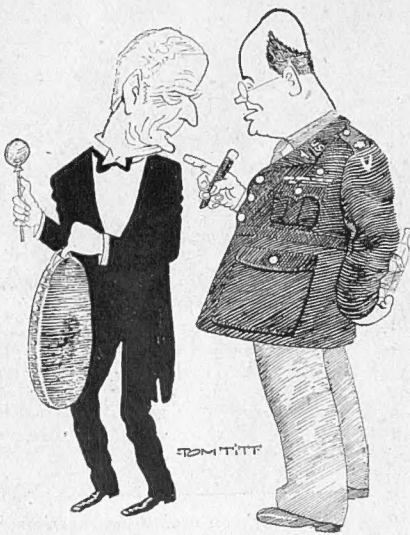
Tortured beyond endurance, Sergeant Howard Clinton (Farley Granger) has lost his voice. Mitsubi persuades him to write evidence, confident that he will betray



One after the other, the flyers are tortured. Mitsubi is determined to get from them the names of their commanding officers and the location of their base



Mitsubi fails. He commits suicide. The flyers are condemned. Proudly they march to their death. They have lost their lives but the honour of Doolittle's men remains intact



The Theatre

"How Are They At Home?" at the Apollo

By Horace Horsnell

The strange wanderings of the elderly butler are puzzling to the American (Charles Groves, John Salew)

Sketches by Tom Titt

Commodore Pentworth of the B.L.A.D.S. crosses swords with the Civil Servant (Mignon O'Doherty, Henry Hewitt)



AFTER *Desert Highway*, the oasis; and it will be poor hearts indeed that do not rejoice in the feast of fun Mr. Priestley has prepared for our Forces overseas. He answers the question asked by the title of this rippling comedy in a manner that should delight all inquirers. He does not fob them off with bare facts, but dresses up the facts so amusingly that concern about the old folks at home should be dissolved in laughter. When Mr. Priestley sets out to play the genial host, he does not stint the fun. There are lashings of it here.

In commenting on some of his more serious fables, one is apt to forget what a rare humorist he is, or to regret that he is not always out to amuse. In these jolly dispatches from the Home Front, the law and the prophets have no say. Their sole intent is to delight. His characters, while taken from life, and all alive-o, are drawn rather larger than life. They come from the immortal stock indigenous to good old English comedy. Their heads and hearts are very much in the right place. They are gloriously articulate, and the comic paces Mr. Priestley puts them through are as delectable as pre-war Yorkshire pudding. They do not bounce one into resentful submission or take one's goodwill for granted in the modern manner, but play themselves into one's affection.

WHILE Lady Farfield's guests are assembling at the evening party she is giving to her fellow-workers at the local war factory, there may seem to be slight hesitations in style on the dramatist's part and some shyness on theirs. These however are merely tuning-up

preliminaries common to all but severely disciplined orchestras and the best regulated parties, and leave no doubt as to who is who and what is what.

The Hall itself, an ancient family seat, has fallen on evil war days and folded up most of its wings. The once feudal staff has dwindled to an ancient butler (beautifully played by Mr. Charles Groves) who must have been over-age for service even in the Crimea, and a refugee cook (exactly substantiated by Miss Hella Kurty) who cannot forget Vienna and the days that were. He has straws in his wits, she Strauss in her air.

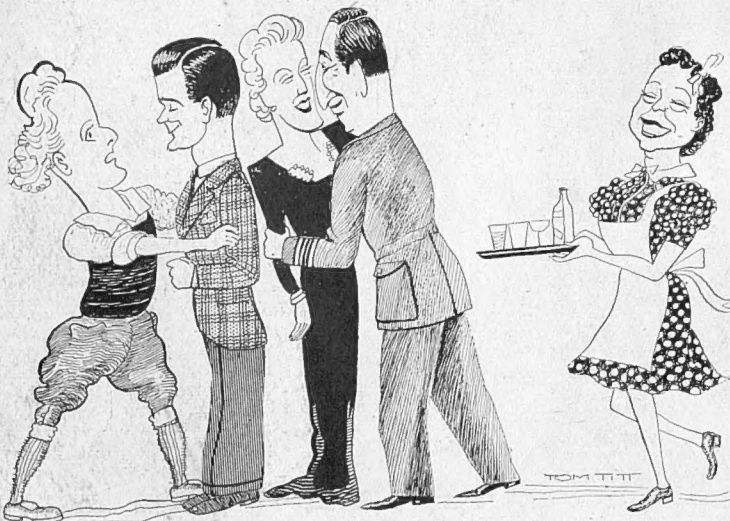
Despite the Goldsmithian predicaments, misunderstandings, and mistakes of the night, her ladyship does not stoop to conquer. Having risen by sheer merit from the bench to charge-hand, she is now established in both worlds, the old and the new. The foreman of the works, who is among her guests, eulogizes her, and her fellow-benchers applaud.

The party begins, as parties will, with reserve; and to make it stickier, an influx of billetes occurs, Service and civil, calculated to rattle the hardest-boiled hostess. Her ladyship keeps her head; and the American major, the fantastic Civil Servant, the awful female commodore, the two R.A.F. officers, and the gunner corporal, are received and absorbed according to their personal merits and the exigencies of war. And what threatened to become a frozen feast warms up to sizzling frivolity.

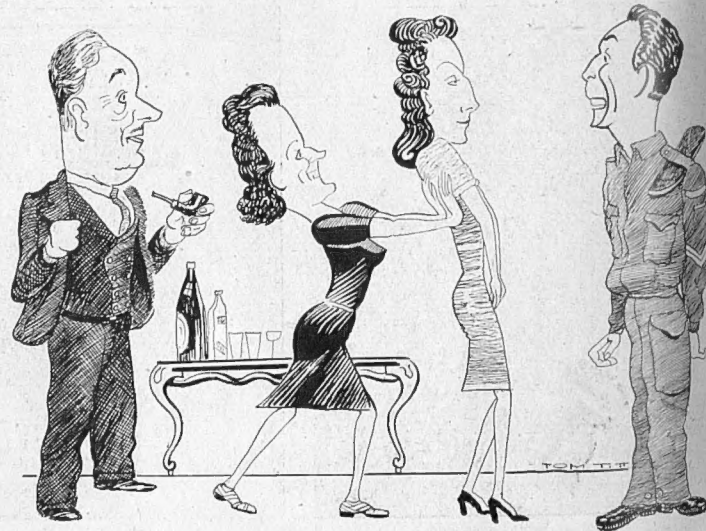
HERE Mr. Priestley's cunning as a playwright, his good humour and technical

resource are brilliantly vindicated, and our responsive laughter is gusty and continuous. Of the uninvited guests, one has his face slapped, another has his face saved, and a third is tenderly kissed, all in circumstances that are as integral to the plot as amusing. The young ladies from the factory and the farm know their own minds and speak them with racy candour. Mr. John Salew's American major would have disarmed even George the Third, and Mr. Henry Hewitt's rococo Civil Servant is a gem that only Mr. Priestley could have quarried. Mr. Hewitt sets and polishes it with excruciating whimsicality.

The play's thoroughly English quality is as spontaneous as memorable, and the production by Mr. Basil Dean enhances the irresistible appeal it should make to the Service audiences overseas for whom it was written and to whom it is generously dedicated. I know of no other play by Mr. Priestley that bubbles with such sustained lightness and yet is so cumulatively rich in fun. It is personal but never sententious; and its basic reflection of life, while on the farcical side, has that creative fecundity possessed only by the masters. Mr. Priestley exploits that touch of nature said to make the whole world kin. Among several admirable performances, Miss Mignon O'Doherty gives and takes the snubs of the amazonian commodore with a comic complacency that makes Gibraltar seem a sand dune by comparison; and Miss Jane Carr and Mr. George Carney do not falter over bringing the classes and the masses together, and making that social merger a salutary success.



Land girl Pauline (Jennifer Gray) meets her fate in S/Ldr. Acton (Noel Dryden), Lady Farfield (Jane Carr) makes up an old quarrel with Group Capt. Camyon (Ralph Truman), while Lotta, the cook (Hella Kurty), indulges in opera



Sam, a factory foreman (George Carney), watches delightedly the antics of Hilda (Angela Wyndham Lewis) who pushes her friend Eileen (Patricia Laffan) into the arms of her more than willing brother, Corporal Packet (John Slater)

"Jill Darling" is Revived

Arthur Riscoe with Carole Lynne
at the Winter Garden Theatre



Carole Lynne Sings "A Flower For You"



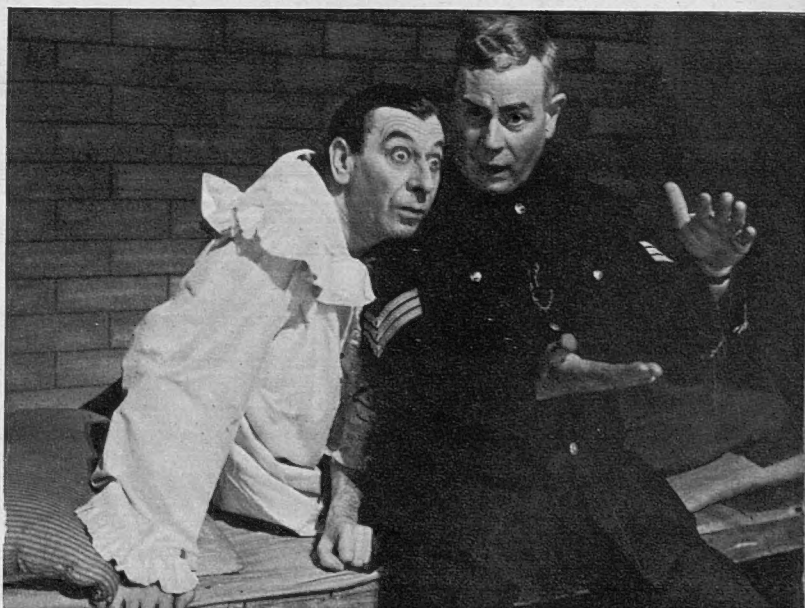
Tête-à-tête between Jack and Jill is interrupted. (Carole Lynne, Bobby Delaney, Arthur Riscoe)

● First produced at the Alhambra, Glasgow, just over ten years ago as *Jack and Jill*, *Jill Darling* has been revived by Arthur Riscoe with new music by Vivian Ellis, new costumes and decor by Anna Zinkeisen and new lyrics by Desmond Carter. In spite of the passage of time, it is still one of the most tuneful and funniest of musical comedies. It gives Arthur Riscoe grand comedy scope and one of the biggest hit roles of his career. Carole Lynne is a charming Jill; she looks pretty, she sings sweetly, she dances divinely. For a pleasant evening's entertainment away from the war you cannot do better than visit the Winter Garden

Right: Jack, disguised as a waiter, gate-crashes Bunting Hall and meets Sir Timothy. (Arthur Riscoe, Sebastian Smith)



April and Jill try "third degree" methods to force Bobby to confess what he and Jack have been up to. (Marjorie Sandford, Bobby Delaney, Carole Lynne)



Photographs by Swarbrick Studios
Jack spends his night at the police station listening to the story of *The Three Bears*—a favourite of the benevolent police sergeant (Arthur Riscoe, Percy Coyte)

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Country Dance

THE first dance which the King and Queen have given for some months was a comparatively small affair held in a country house (just 150 guests), but the evening went with a real swing and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. Officially, the dance was not given for Princess Elizabeth, nor had it any connection with H.R.H.'s recent birthday, but the large number of young people there turned the party very definitely into an occasion for the Princess, and there was never any question about who was the centre of attraction for the young officers of the Guards who made up the bulk of Their Majesties' guests.

Before the dance, a few of the more intimate friends of the Royal Family dined with the King and Queen, both of whom danced

repeatedly with different partners throughout the evening. Neither Princess Elizabeth nor Princess Margaret was allowed to miss a single number, and they were among the last couples to leave the floor at three o'clock in the morning.

Yorkshiremen's Lunch

WHEN Sherlock Holmes decided to take up detection as a career, Dr. Watson used to remark, the stage lost a very fine actor; and those who heard Lord Moran, President of the Royal College of Physicians and personal doctor to the Prime Minister, speaking the other day at a Yorkshiremen's lunch at the Overseas League, thought likewise—that a very fine orator was temporarily lost to the world when the young Moran took up medicine.

With an exactness of phrase that is a joy to



Baronet's Christening

The baby son of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, who died of wounds in Italy, was christened at Sunningdale Church. He is seen here with his mother, Lady Fiennes who has also three small daughters



Dining Out

G/Capt. H. I. Edwards, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., and his wife were dining at the May Fair recently. He married Mrs. Cherry Beresford in 1942, and they have a small son, aged eighteen months



Going to School

When leaving for Ludgrove Preparatory School, the young Earl of Bective was seen off by his father, the Marquess of Headfort, and the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell. The Duke of Kent is another pupil at Ludgrove



Christening at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Penelope Moyra were the names given to the baby daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Julian Ridsdale at her London christening. In this picture are Miss Mariota Bosanquet, one of the godmothers; Capt. and Mrs. Ridsdale and their daughter, and Sir Charles Doughty, K.C., who was a godfather

Swabe

hear, and a pleasant, clear voice, familiar to millions who heard him as the anonymous "Radio Doctor," Lord Moran is an ideal after-luncheon speaker, and in his talk on the Anatomy of Courage—a subject that has, he tells me, fascinated him since his experiences as a young officer in the last war—he made no secret of his deep admiration for his principal patient, himself a world-famous protagonist of that virtue.

Sir Stanley Jackson, as lithe and active as in the days when he helped to write the name of Yorkshire large in the annals of cricket; Sir Jocelyn Lucas, whom Sir Stanley described as "an expert in welcomes" (a reference to his activities as Chairman of the Overseas League Welcome Committee, and as Liaison Officer for Dominion Troops), and Mr. Tom Williams, M.P., the ex-Yorkshire miner who is now the Duke of Norfolk's "partner" as Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Agriculture, were well-known Yorkshiremen whom I noticed among Lord Moran's hearers.

Prisoners of War Exhibition

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER was looking very fit and well when he went to Clarence House to open the Prisoners of War Exhibition now being held in the grounds of St. James's Palace. The exhibition is most realistically staged and gives a very vivid picture of how the men live in the "Stalags." Tall sentry towers stand at each corner of the barbed-wire enclosure. There is even a chapel, such as the men



A Chilean Family in London

Capt. Roberto Gillmore is the new Chilean Naval Attaché in London. He and his wife were caught by the photographer strolling with their four children in the sunshine one day in the Green Park. The boys are Robert and Ronald, and the girls are Rosemarie and Eileen



The Duke of Windsor Entertains a Delegation

The Parliamentary delegation to the West Indies, headed by Capt. Peter Macdonald, M.P., stayed at Government House, Bahamas. Above are Capt. L. D. Gammans, M.P., the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Capt. Macdonald, M.P., Mr. John Wilmot, M.P., and Mr. Henderson Stewart, M.P.

often build and furnish themselves. It was in this chapel that H.R.H. met an old friend, Capt. the Rev. J. F. C. Bown, whom he last saw in a hospital near Lille in the early days of the war. Among the most popular exhibits are General Montgomery's super caravans, which were captured from the Italians and are really quite sumptuous in their luxurious appointments. Among those who came to the opening were Lord Camrose, who made a short speech; Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Limerick, Lord and Lady Cromer, Lady Hudson, and Lord and Lady Iliffe. Lady Chetwode was with the Field-Marshal; the Polish Ambassador brought his attractive wife; Marie Lady Willingdon was there.

"This Happy Breed"

THE film version of Mr. Noel Coward's play is to have a gala premiere at the Gaumont Cinema on the first of next month in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, of which Mr. Coward is president. The first meeting of the film premiere committee took place recently in the author's attractive studio in Gerald Road, near Eaton Square. The studio is most unusual; it is reached through a *porte cochère*, such as one might see in the older parts of Paris, and

the studio itself has a long platform under its tall north window on which are two grand pianos. The back half consists of an enclosed balcony, presumably sleeping quarters, which has three windows with open jalousies, and under this is the dining-room, with walls completely covered with mirrored glass. Mrs. Anthony Eden is chairman of the premiere committee; she made no speech, but contented herself with the introduction of others, including Mr. A. J. Rank and Mr. Leslie Henson. There were a large number of theatrical personalities at the meeting, and Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Jessie Winter, Miss Joyce Carey and Mrs. Howard Wyndham joined up with others, such as Mrs. Corrigan, and bought many tickets.

Christening

TWO-MONTHS-OLD Lord Rudolf Russell, son of Lord and Lady Tavistock, was a very good baby when he was christened in St. Faith's Chapel of Westminster Abbey by the Dean of Westminster. He was a smart baby too, for he was dressed in the lace robe which Dukes of Bedford and their family have worn for something like 200 years, and over it the parchment ottoman silk coat edged with white fox, which is part of the outfit. When a whimper

seemed likely to develop, little Lord Rudolf was loudly "shushed" by his older brother, Lord Howland, who has now reached the mature age of four. Lord Hardinge, Lord Hugh Russell, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P., Mrs. D. Hamilton and Mr. Nicholas Hollway, who is the baby's stepbrother, were at the ceremony as godparents. Three other godparents could not be present—the Hon. Romola Russell, who had a cold; Brigadier Mark Roddick, and Capt. Holroyd, who is a prisoner of war.

Afterwards there was a small tea-party at Lord and Lady Tavistock's home at 23, Wilton Street. There were two christening cakes, one with the baby's name and the date on it, the other a present from Mrs. Hollway, the mother of Lady Tavistock's former husband. Lord Howland had his own party up in the nursery, and with the help of Gay, the pale-golden Labrador, entertained his young friends, who included his cousin, Michael Russell, and his godmother, Lady Daphne Russell.

"Baby" Circus

WARWICKSHIRE children, home for the holidays, had a great thrill before returning to school when one of the "baby" circuses—so-called because of their miniatur size—came

(Concluded on page 216)



Christening in Westminster Abbey

In this picture, taken after the christening of Rudolf, second son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock, are Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P., Major Lord Harding, Mrs. D. Hamilton, Lord and Lady Tavistock and the baby, Mr. Nicholas Hollway, and, in front, Lord Howland



Christening in Berkshire

Patricia Anne Stirling, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. William Stirling, was christened at All Saints', Ascot. Above are Elizabeth Wroughton, Mrs. Michael Wroughton, Mrs. Edward Joynson, Elizabeth Stirling, Mrs. Stirling and the baby, Mr. J. Wedderburn Wilson and Miss Patricia Raeburn



Princess Alexandra Competes in the Pony Class for Children of Fourteen and Under

Competing at Iver Children's Gymkhana

*Princess Alexandra on Golden Farthing
Has Her Brothers to Support Her*

Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent, was a competitor at Iver Children's Gymkhana, held under the auspices of Iver "Salute the Soldier" Committee. The Duke of Kent was there to see his sister ride, and Prince Michael also attended in his pram. The Duke has since started his first term at Ludgrove Preparatory School, Wokingham, where his cousins, Viscount Lascelles and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, were pupils before going to Eton.



Prince Michael Brought His Lunch in a Basket



Princess Alexandra on her Pony, Golden Farthing



A Last-Minute Inspection by Prince Michael



Princess Alexandra Fails to Find a Place in the Musical Chairs Event



The Duke of Kent gives his Sister Some Good Advice

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NOTHING diverts Old Uncle Cheeriboy more than to find some of the ballet boys handing each other bouquets—as recently—for their burning sincerity and agonised devotion to their taskmistress Art, and tralala, and bataclan, and rumty iddy ido.

Actually the boys are born nickers and dodgers. Nijinsky's famous leap through the window at the end of *Le Spectre de la Rose*, for example, meant a fall of some four feet (padded) the other side. A ballet boy living his burning, agonised Art-life with intensity would insist on a 20-foot drop or so each time. In Alarcón's delicious story *The Three-Cornered Hat*, the Corregidor falls into a deep millpond during his nocturnal prowling and is all but drowned; a *motif* Massine's ballet version carefully evades. In the *Après-Midi d'un Faune*, as Mallarmé wrote it, the Faun is bitten on the chest in his sleep, hard:

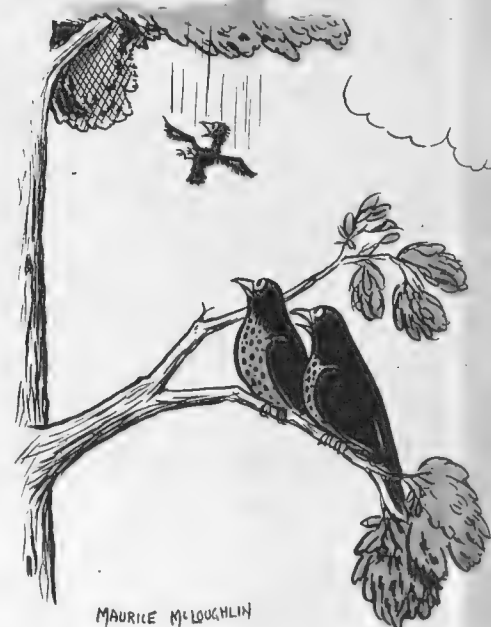
Mon sein, vierge de preuve, atteste une morsure
Mystérieuse, due à quelque auguste dent . . .

We don't remember Grigorieva taking a healthy snap at Lichine. And finally, in the original *Schéhérazade*, the Sultan on his return straightway massacres the lot—erring wife, negro boy-friend, slaves, eunuchs, guards, flower-girls, and guests at the Hall. This would mean an entirely fresh cast at each performance, and why the devil not? Is such dodging of realities plasto-dynamic? Is it balletogenic? Is it (to coin a word) Art?

Idea

THAT subtle old wheeze "No, use giving Stinker a book for his birthday, he's got one," no longer applies, our spies in the booksy underworld report. Books—any books—are selling like tripe-and-onions.

For one thing only we regret this boom. The bookseller boys were getting pretty clever at making the Race print-conscious, and we miss their ingenuity. The all-time British record for hot book salesmanship is still held, in our unfortunate view, by that



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"—It looks like one of ours"

West End bookseller who used seven wooden chair-legs, artistically disposed on a tray of sand in his window, to push Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* a few years ago. (You remember Lawrence? Not D. H. Lawrence, the sexy Messiah with the silly beard, nor yet Gertie Lawrence, that diverting sweetheart, but T. E., the chap who led the desert Arab Revolt against the Turks, 1916-18.) We wish Lawrence (of Arabia), a master of blasting invective, could have seen that window-display. He was embittered as it was, what with a cranky temperament and the three-year strain of having to make the Arabs believe a British Government would fulfil its hasty promises. Those chair-legs, we guess, would have stirred him like a hundred tons of the gelignite he put so often under Turkish railway-bridges.

Orgy

SOME of the Press boys, our soulmates, made rather a lighthearted issue, we noticed, of those new Vichy A.R.P. broadcasts. The fact that these are in French seemed to strike the boys as odd, or even ludicrous, for some reason.

It doesn't take a Freud to guess what was at the back of the old Fleet Street Subconscious: Half-naked actresses, maybe, prancing round the fire-engines, crying "Veeve lamoor!" Excited firemen in conical top hats drinking champagne out of jewelled high-heeled shoes. Mistinguett herself, maybe, tripping up and down endless ladders in an ostrich-feather head-dress, singing naughty little songs. And maybe a host of maddened firemen diving under beds and in and out of bedroom doors, amid the traditional French domestic upheaval and tohu-bohu.

"Mong Dew, my wife!"
"My husband!"
"Amélie!"
"Mussewer Bobinot!"
"Ciel! My mother-in-law!"
"Fifi!"
"Zizette!"
"Oh, lar, lar!"
"Ah, zut!" (etc.)

Footnote

OUR suspicion is grounded on the sequel to a story which was going round town at the time of the French Art Exhibition at

(Concluded on page 206)



Mervyn Wilson

A London Wedding

And a Film Premiere



Capt. the Marquess of Hartington, Coldstream Guards, elder son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Miss Kathleen Kennedy, second daughter of Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy (formerly American Ambassador in London) and Mrs. Kennedy, were married recently in London. Here they are with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Lt. Joseph Kennedy



Four people at the Hartington-Kennedy wedding were Lady Charles Cavendish, Lady Anne Hunloke, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Harvey Gibson



Lt. Joseph Kennedy, U.S. Navy, signed the marriage register at his sister's wedding. With him here is Lady Sykes



The London Film Premiere of "Fanny by Gaslight," at the Gaumont

The Duchess of Norfolk was chairman of the film premiere committee, and her daughter, Lady Anne Howard, presented a bouquet to the Duchess of Kent, who was present. They are seen above with Mr. Herbert Morrison and the Duke of Norfolk



Mr. William Mabane, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, brought his wife (formerly Miss Stella Duggan) to the film. They were married earlier this year. The premiere raised over £5800 for the Civil Defence Welfare Fund

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Burlington House. A serious City man said to another serious City man in Piccadilly: "Seen those French pictures yet?" and the other serious City man said: "Not for me, old boy, thanks, I'm a married man." We told this story to a serious Fleet Street editor, who chuckled contemptuously and said: "I bet he slipped in when nobody was looking."

Flop

MOROSELY discussing the late Shakespeare Birthday celebrations at Stratford, a critic remarked accurately last week that they indicate total imaginative bankruptcy.

Our own recent appeal to the Stratford Racket to make this jamboree more worthy of the greatest poet of the cruel, gorgeous Renaissance went disregarded, though the Mayor did solemnly unfurl a Union Jack. But a Stratford which should worthily honour Shakespeare's England is a different matter. The noisy all-night taverns, the bordellos, the bagnios, and the Bear-Garden drive a howling trade. In the municipal torture-chamber Master Richard Topcliffe's successor attends to recusants with all the latest appliances (including an electric model of The Scavenger's Daughter, the sweet invention of Master Skeffington of the Tower). The moans of the racked mingle with the lovesongs of the amorous, the roaring of bears and mastiffs, the clash of steel, the bawling of actors, the choruses of tospots, and the voice of Master James ("Boss") Agate laying down the law about blank-verse. From their balconies the smiling Stratford cuckolds watch their wives being fondled by total strangers. Gangs of merry bravoes rove the High Street at night, stabbing by torchlight. In Stratford churchyard at midnight Doctor Dee's successor raises the Devil by black magic.

Aspiration

STRATFORD Racket, Stratford Racket, you should be grilled at a slow fire of picture-postcards of Anne Hathaway's cottage on one of your own fake-antique brass toasting-forks, amid the cultured sniggers of 150 unmarried schoolmarms from the Middle West.

Star

BELMONTE was present at the recent wedding of a chap we know attached to the British Embassy in Madrid; a compliment equal to the presence of ten crowned heads, twenty ambassadors, and Deanna Durbin in person.

Juan Belmonte, now breeding bulls, is said to be the finest matador in history. He has faced death on countless afternoons and got away with it, unlike the great José Delgado, of the flamboyant School of Seville, who died in the arena. Pedro Romero, of the severe classical School of Ronda, whom Goya painted, died in his bed at 85, on the other hand. Why foxhunters, who face death and mutilation less frequently, and whose jolly purple pans more rarely show the ivory sweat-beaded pallor you see on every matador's face towards the beginning of the final *suerte*, constantly denounce the corrida is well known. The British fox loves being torn up, whereas the terrific black Andalusian fighting-bull, with horn-tips like daggers, a killer's brain and cunning, and the speed and force of a thunderbolt, prefers smelling simple wild-flowers (cf. the American romance, *Ferdinand the Bull*).



"Oh, Miss Smethwick, I think you need a few days off. You've typed the last two letters on the adding machine"

We never take sides in this unending argument, least of all against foxhunters, who have very gruff terrifying voices, so are probably right.

Lesion

EX-ANGLOPHOBE Senator James M. Read, having made contact with the Island Race, reports now that we aren't bad guys and that he never met "a single chilly Englishman," which is pretty fine and dandy, Senator, and okay with us, but we guess you weren't kissed by a County batsman, huh, huh.

Heaven knows we don't like harping on frigidity in first-class English cricket—known to Harley Street as Trumper's Lesion—but the TATLER-BYSTANDER Book Critic seems to think (arching graceful sceptical eyebrows) that the whole thing is merely our wild Celtic whimsy. It is scientific fact, on the contrary. Not only have we masses of collated and correlated data, but specialist evidence before the Royal Commission on the M.C.C. of 1905 shows that the least likely girls are affected, poor sweets.

(25567) THE CHAIRMAN: I think you have carried out several experiments with the kiss of a County slow bowler?

(25568) WITNESS: I selected the frostiest possible type of girl, from Queen's Gate. The room-temperature was 78 deg. Fahr. On the application of the first kiss the thermometer sank at once to 15 below zero and she turned blue and passed into a coma resembling that conditioned by severe Antarctic exposure.

(25569) MR. PRUNE: Any special shade of blue?

(25570) WITNESS: Dark blue. He had bowled for Oxford.

(25571) THE CHAIRMAN: Does that follow? My aunt was light-blue in complexion all her life after being chased by an M.A. of Allahabad University down Simla Mall in 1870.

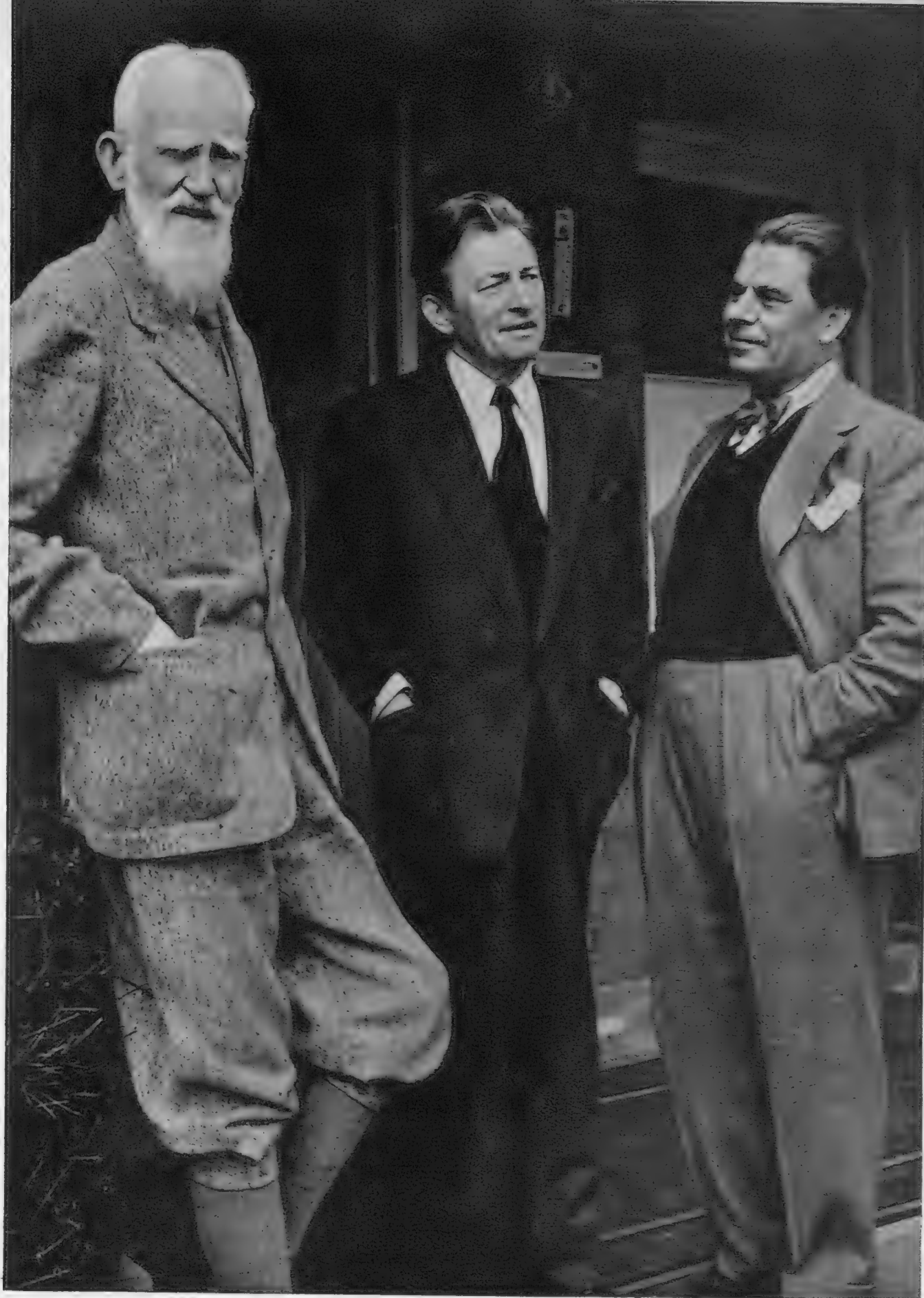
(25572) WITNESS: I bet she was a haybag.

Trumper's Lesion may be suspected from the eyes, which are of an icy-pale glazed blue, and the features, which are apparently of wood.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"If you refuse me again, Doris, I shall throw myself out of a 'plane'"



Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" to be Filmed

The Author, Star and
Producer Talk it Over

George Bernard Shaw's famous play *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, which was first produced in this country at the Savoy Theatre in 1907, is to be filmed in technicolour under the direction of Gabriel Pascal. This will be Mr. Pascal's third Shaw production; his first was *Pygmalion* (recently revived at the Leicester Square Theatre), and his second *Major Barbara*. The part of Cæsar is to be played by Claude Rains who has come over from America for the purpose. Soon after his arrival in this country, Mr. Rains went down to Mr. Pascal's farm, where this photograph of the star with the producer and Mr. Shaw was taken. Opposite Claude Rains, as Cleopatra, will be Vivien Leigh



"Ballet Rehearsal"

By Steven Spurrier, A.R.A., R.B.A.



"A Bond of Sympathy"

By Francis Dodd, R.A.



"Mrs. Christopher Dawnay and Rupert"

By William Dring, A.R.A.

A Variety of Pictures

From the Royal Academy Exhibition



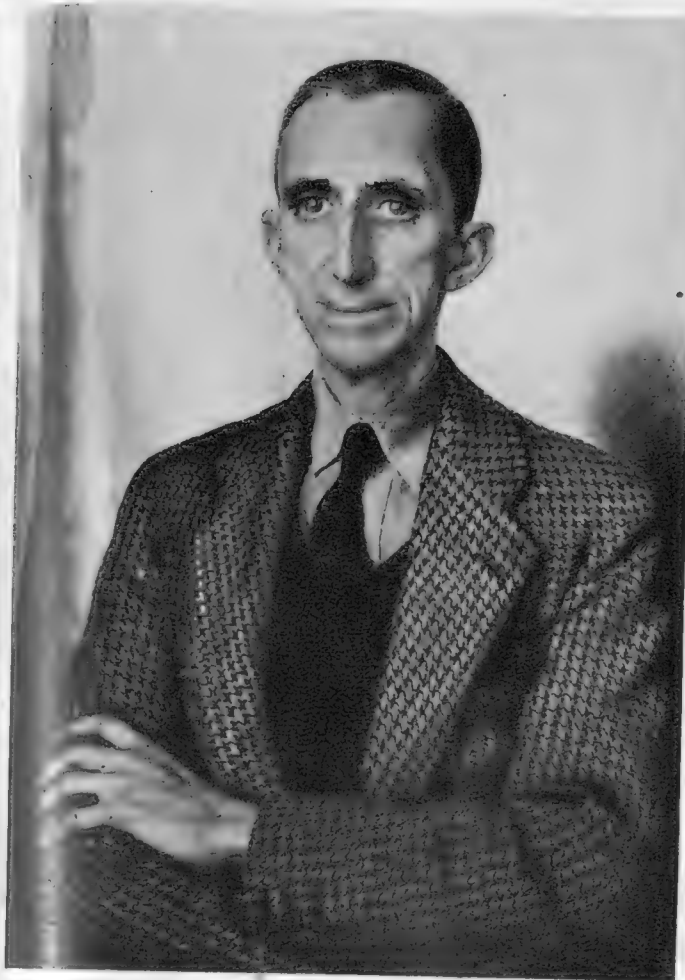
"Packing Food Parcels for Indian Prisoners of War at India House"

By Flora Lion, R.P.



"Model at Rest"

By B. Fleetwood-Walker, R.O.I., A.R.W.S.



"The Merry Widower"

By F. Cadogan Cooper, R.A.



"Take Off"

By Dame Laura Knight, R.A.

● Last week we published some portraits of men and women from the 176th Exhibition of the Royal Academy. This week's selection includes other subjects by well-known artists. "Take Off," by Dame Laura Knight, was painted for the Nation's war records, while another exhibit by the same artist, a vast water-colour, is attracting much attention. The sitters for Miss Flora Lion's "Packing Food Parcels for Indian Prisoners of War" were Lady Atkinson, Mrs. Nanda, Col. Shepherd, O.B.E., Mrs. Amery, Sir Samuel Runganadham, High Commissioner for India, and Mrs. Lall

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"Game! Thumbs Up"

By Charles Spencelayh, R.M.S., R.B.S.A.



"The Artist and His Family"

By William Dring, A.R.A.

Five Portraits



Lady Cecilia Johnstone

The wife of Capt. Norman D. M. Johnstone, Grenadier Guards, is the younger daughter of the late Earl Cowley and of Clare, Countess Cowley. Capt. Johnstone is her second husband, and their home is Gadesby, Leicestershire



Mrs. R. H. Glyn

Formerly Miss Lyndsay Mary Baker, Mrs. Glyn married in 1939 Sir Richard Glyn's elder son. Her husband, Major Richard Hamilton Glyn, is in The Queen's Own Dorset Yeomanry. They have a three-year-old daughter and a baby son

Photographs by
Harlip



The Hon.
Mrs. Jock Skeffington

The wife of the Hon. Jock Skeffington, Viscount Massereene and Ferrard's only son, is the daughter of the late Mr. Henry D. Lewis, of Combwell Priory, Flimwell, Kent. Her marriage took place in 1939, and her son is four years old



Lady Brooksbank

The marriage of Capt. Sir William Brooksbank, Bt., and Miss Ann Clitherow took place last December. Lady Brooksbank is the second daughter of Col. T. Clitherow, D.S.O., of Hotham Hall, York. Sir William is in The Yorkshire Hussars



The Hon. Mrs. Roger Mostyn

The Hon. Roger Mostyn, M.C., elder son of Lord and Lady Mostyn, of Mostyn Hall, Flintshire, and Miss Yvonne Stuart Johnson were married last year. Mrs. Mostyn's parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Johnson, of Henshall Hall, Congleton, Cheshire

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Betting Book

PRECEDING this little collection of figures with the advice that we should recall the recent remarks of the Ministry of Transport vis-à-vis what may happen when all lines of communication will have to be cleared for military requirements, I think that they may be instructive, even if all the use we can make of them is to paste them up in our scrapbooks. So here goes:

THE DERBY

April 24th (before the recent defeats). 10-1 Fair Fame and Orestes, 12-1 Rockefeller, 14-1 Happy Landing, 20-1 Garden Path and Fair Glint, 25-1 Abbots Fell and Vigorous, 33-1 Effervescence, Honeyway and The Solicitor.

THE TWO THOUSAND

4-1 Orestes, 10-1 Effervescence, 12-1 Happy Landing, 16-1 The Solicitor and Garden Path, 20-1 Abbots Fell.

THE ONE THOUSAND

11-4 Fair Fame, 7-2 Tudor Maid, 14-1 Garden Path, 25-1 Blue Cap and Lady Wyn.

THE OAKS

7-2 Tudor Maid, 7-1 Fair Fame, 12-1 Blue Cap, 14-1 Garden Path.

THE DERBY

April 28th. 10-1 Fair Fame, 100-9 Orestes, 100-8 Rockefeller, 100-6 Happy Landing and High Profit, 20-1 Garden Path.

THE TWO THOUSAND

9-2 Orestes, 100-9 Effervescence, 100-7 Distingué, 100-6 Happy Landing, 20-1 Garden Path.

THE DERBY

May 2nd. 100-8 Fair Fame and Orestes, 100-6 High Profit, 20-1 Rockefeller and Fair Glint, 25-1 Happy Landing, 28-1 Garden Path, 33-1 Abbots Fell.

THE TWO THOUSAND

5-1 Orestes, 100-8 Effervescence, 15-1 High Profit, 100-6 Happy Landing, 18-1 The Solicitor, 20-1 Garden Path.

Now let us turn over the page and look at what happened after

the defeats of Orestes, Tudor Maid and Happy Landing.

THE DERBY

10-1 Orestes, 12-1 Fair Fame and Rockefeller, 16-1 Happy Landing, 20-1 Garden Path.

THE TWO THOUSAND

4-1 Orestes, 12-1 Effervescence, 14-1 Happy



W. A. Rouch

Prizewinners

Mrs. D. G. Mathew, with her trotter, Bonnie Bee, won the Open Driving Class, the Best Turn-Out, and the Hackney Horse Society's Champion Rosette at Kimble, and was second in the driving class at Staines

Landing and High Profit, 16-1 Garden Path.

THE ONE THOUSAND

9-4 Fair Fame, 9-2 Tudor Maid, 16-1 Blue Cap and Garden Path.

THE OAKS

5-1 Tudor Maid, 8-1 Fair Fame, 12-1 Blue Cap, 16-1 Garden Path.

Another Page

AND now let us turn over another page and see what the book said after the ignominious defeat of Fair Fame at Newmarket on May 2nd:

THE DERBY

May 5th. 100-8 Orestes, Rockefeller, Happy Landing, Garden Path, 20-1 Fair Fame.

THE TWO THOUSAND

5-1 Orestes, 100-8 Happy Landing and Garden Path, 100-7 High Profit. And again turn over the page, after Garden Path's win on May 3rd:

THE DERBY

May 8th. 12-1 Orestes, 14-1 Garden Path, Happy Landing and Rockefeller, 16-1 Vigorous, 20-1 Abbots Fell, Fair Fame and Fair Glint.

THE TWO THOUSAND

5-1 Orestes, 10-1 Garden Path, 12-1 Happy Landing and Vigorous, 14-1 Abbots Fell, 20-1 High Profit.

(Concluded on page 212)



Captured on the Course: By "The Tout"

The subjects of these sketches, "Mostly Military," were having a day's racing not long ago. Major Waddington is the A.P.M. at Newmarket; Brigadier Cooke Collis returned recently from the M.E.F., and Air Cdre. "Square" McKee is a famous personality in the R.A.F. Major Barnett was there, and the civilian is Francis Weatherby, Keeper of the Match Book



Cambridge University Opens Its Cricket Season: the Captain's XI. v. the Secretary's

D. R. Stuart

The Secretary's XI. who declared with 337 for 6. Sitting: D. F. Dunkerley (Emmanuel), N. G. Darrah (Peterhouse), M. F. E. White (Magdalene, Secretary C.U.C.C., Captain), B. N. W. Trapnell (St. John's), P. E. Bodkin (Caius). Standing: C. L. Lewis Barclay (Pembroke), C. S. Clarke (Corpus), D. G. Reid (Trinity Hall), T. C. K. Marr (Trinity Hall), F. K. Hoyle (Downing), C. V. G. Cattrel (St. John's), C. F. Elms (St. John's)

The Captain's XI. who made 185 runs. Sitting: A. D. A. Beardmore (Caius), D. M. N. Haynes (St. Catherine's), T. J. D. Walker (Trinity Hall, Captain), W. S. Harris (Clare), D. B. Vaughan (St. John's). Standing: J. M. L. Thomas (St. Catherine's), R. S. Evans (Clare), J. Garson (Clare), R. D. Robson (St. John's), R. A. Stratton (Emmanuel), K. H. Buckley (King's)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

THE ONE THOUSAND

9-2 Fair Fame and Tudor Maid, 6-1 Garden Path, 8-1 Uva, 14-1 Blue Cap.

THE OAKS

5-1 Tudor Maid, 10-1 Blue Cap and Fair Fame, 16-1 Garden Path.

Some of these figures are understandable, others not so: Happy Landing, Tudor Maid and High Profit, for instance. The first-named surely had no claim to his quoted price in either the Two Thousand or the Derby after his mediocre display behind Borealis in the one-mile Shelford Stakes: Tudor Maid still less so to hers; and High Profit was surely pure guess-work? His price was based presumably on his two-year-old performance at Ascot last August, when he finished two necks in front of Lady Abbess colt, now called Abbots Fell. The distance was only 5 furlongs. And now Orestes, Happy Landing and Rockefeller are level favourites for the Derby!

The Unclassical Classics

THE Oldest Inhabitant, that sage upon whose words we still delight to hang, frankly admits that never within his memory has there been presented to him such a prickly problem where a season's classic races are concerned as that now furnished by the topsy-turvy form which has been witnessed in these opening weeks. I think The Sage is justified up to the hilt, and it is very difficult to unravel so tangled a skein. The short story is that all the two-year-old performances of the leading characters are suspect. There is only one exception, so far, who can be given the benefit of the doubt—Orestes, last year's champion colt.

Next Witness

IT is quite unsafe, as is realised only too well in the present circumstances, to be didactic, but *prima facie*, if Vigorous cannot give 3 lb. and a beating to the second best (?) of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's pair over 7 furlongs, he cannot have a hope of beating that owner's first string, Rockefeller, over 1½ miles, or to have much chance of beating the second choice, Abbots Fell, at a mile. The latter beat Vigorous all ends up by a length and a half—all of 5 lb., I should say—at Salisbury.

Next

NEXT, the Ladies! There are no excuses possible for either Tudor Maid or Fair Fame. The former turned it up in the 1-mile Southern Stakes at Salisbury on the 29th. She is Owen Tudor's sister, and obviously a lady of moods. It is no good going racing with that sort.

Fair Fame? I have my own idea about her dismal failure in the 7-furlong Upwell Stakes at Newmarket on May 2nd. If she were mine, I would put her away till the autumn. Even before she ran at all this season I said in these notes that I would not back her in the fire of spring. This defeat, by three lengths, by a moderate filly like Monsoon, is too ignominious to admit of any but the one explanation.

A double for Lord Derby is quite on the cards, for I verily believe that his lordship, than whom there is no more popular owner, has two really good ones in Garden Path and Borealis. The latter is not in the Derby, but he is in the Leger.

I think somehow that there may be a double waiting for Garden Path somewhere, and though the Leger is a long way off, that also might be within her compass, and even if it is not, Lord Derby has a useful understudy in the colt. Garden Path's win in the Chatteris Stakes (1 mile) on May 3rd, was, in the main, smooth enough, but she did switch her tail once or twice. She was getting 13 lb. from Effervescence and 9 lb. from Fair Glint, facts which must be borne in mind very carefully, but she won absolutely as she liked. It has been said that Effervescence did not put it all in. I do not concur. Fair Glint will improve upon this running, but I was a bit disappointed at his not being more in the battle. Probably he wanted this race.



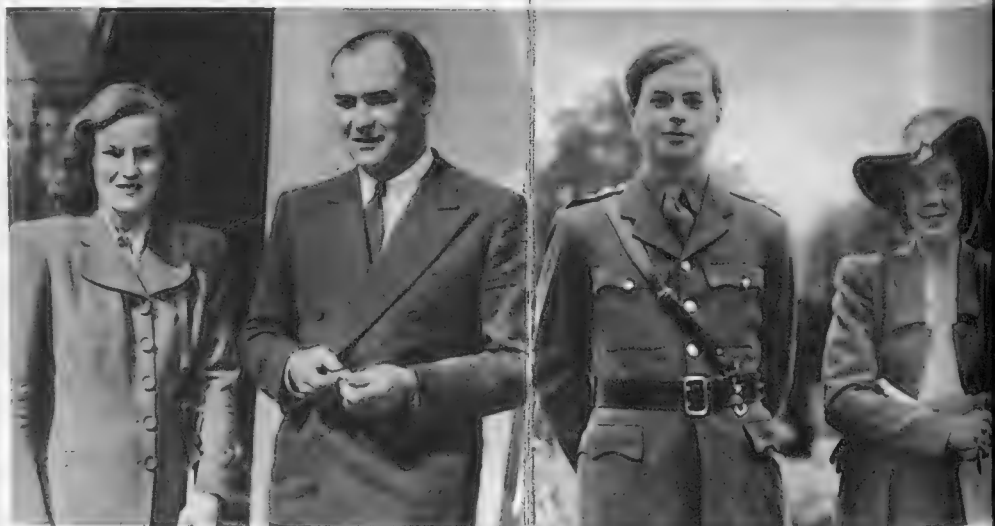
The Reception in the Garden at Ridgemoor

Wing Commander Woolf Barnato's Daughter Married in the Country

Photographs by Swade



In this cheerful group are W/Cdr. W. Kolaczowski, the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Bellew, W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato, Countess of Jersey, Viscountess Erleigh and Mr. Colin Kingham



Miss Irene Mann-Thompson was there and Mr. Christopher Macintosh, the well-known ski-er

Capt. and Mrs. Ian Farquharson were a recently-married couple present



Major and Mrs. Ian Foxwell and Major Hazelrigg were photographed together out of doors at the reception



Capt. the Hon. Neville Berry was talking to the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key



W/Cdr. Derek Roland Walker, D.F.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Walker, and Miss Diana Barnato, younger daughter of W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato and of Mrs. R. B. Wainwright, were married at St. Jude's Church, Englefield Green. W/Cdr. Barnato gave his daughter away, and the reception was held after the ceremony at his house, Ridgemoor, Englefield Green. Many young friends of the bride and bridegroom were present



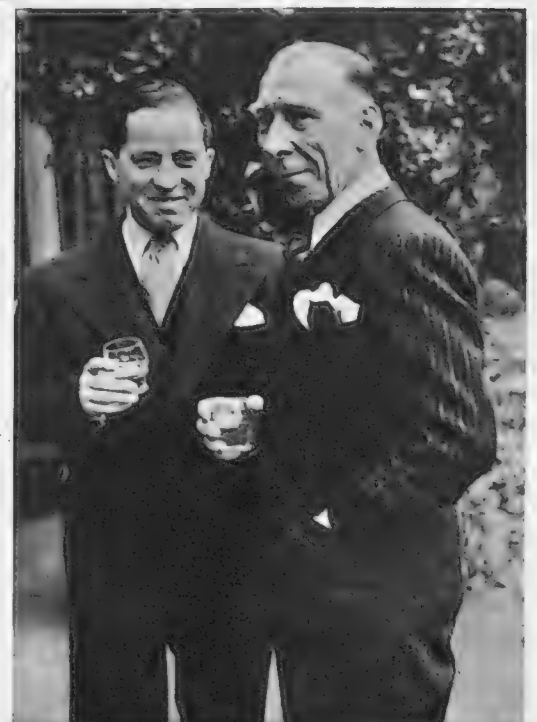
Lady Moyra Forrester and Mr. Dorsay Fisher, of the American Embassy, were guests



Lt. M. Pringle and Mrs. A. Gillson were drinking healths in the garden



F/O. Charles Pretalik was with his wife. They were married last year



Mr. George Duller, the trainer, and Mr. Jack Barclay were having a chat

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Lion and the Bear

Books about Russia stream from the publishing houses; in steady response, we may take it, to a steady demand. We have certainly a good deal of ground to make up: at present enthusiasm is unstinted, but, as we may remember, things have not been always thus. In the propitious light of the Anglo-Russian to-day, it can do no harm to look back at the rather more clouded past—a past of not more than 400 years; for England and Russia first met in 1553, when a handful of Merchant Adventurers landed on Russian soil. Edward VI. then reigned in England; Ivan the Terrible in Russia.

Relationships between people are fascinating; we read about them, speculate about them and discuss them endlessly. Relationships between countries are, if anything, more so; but are less easily to be traced—the specialist's knowledge is required. For this reason "The Nations and Britain" Series, inaugurated by Messrs. Collins, seems to me well worth watching. Each book in the Series, priced at 8s. 6d., deals with Britain's relationship with some other country. *Greece and Britain*, by Stanley Casson, appeared some months ago and was reviewed in these pages; *China and Britain* is coming shortly; *U.S.A. and Britain* is in preparation.

But in *Russia and Britain*, of which I am talking this week, we have as captious, as complex, as interesting a subject as the editors of the Series are likely to hit upon; and I should like to applaud the manner in which the author chosen, Edward Crankshaw, has handled it. *Russia and Britain* should, ideally, be a work of no less bulk than Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. The documentation, as shown by Mr. Crankshaw's ably chosen and only too brief quotations, could be endless; also, here are characters and occasions, comedies of temperament, dramas of misunderstanding, on which the historian's pen could linger gladly and of which the reader's attention would not easily tire. But the first requirement of the Series to which we owe *Russia and Britain* is a compact brevity; and with this Mr. Crankshaw has fallen in. The book, as it stands, is so satisfactory that one cannot feel that its shortness is gained at too great a cost. Mr. Crankshaw has told us much—and it is all to the good that he should leave us wanting to know much more.

Not What It Should Have Been

IN the first place, the English "discovery" of Russia was (which is interesting) inadvertent: those Merchant Adventurers were in search of Cathay. While, thus, the apparent initiative lay with England, enthusiasm, for a depressingly long time, was confined to the Russian side. Spiked with gems and flashing in cloth of gold, Ivan the Terrible and 150 boyars received their guests, who remained phlegmatic throughout the first of many all-out

Anglo-Russian Moscow banquets on record. Ivan, the loneliest man in his lonely country, was prepared to grasp eagerly at an English alliance. From this, however, arose the first not wholly comic comedy of errors: the Muscovite monarch's ideas of alliance were grandiose and princely; the British idea—as a succession of Tudor monarchs were to make almost insultingly plain—was stolidly mercantile. Trade, good plain trade, was the English object; as for knowing Russia, as one might say, socially, Tudor England conveyed nothing warmer than that she supposed she did not mind if she did. Ivan the Terrible directed on our Queen Elizabeth, by means of envoys, a social blitz culminating in a proposal of marriage—to muse on the possible outcomes of such a marriage takes us, remarks Mr. Crankshaw, into realms of high fantasy: extremely striking, if any, would the children have been. Queen Elizabeth left the matter on ice; she withdrew from Moscow the acceptable Antony Jenkinson, to replace him, as ambassador, by a complete dud. Things in general, in fact, miscarried—Ivan's first ambassador, bound for England, was wrecked on the Scottish coast, and the gifts he carried (including four living sables, complete with collars and chains) were "by the crude and ravenous people of the Country thereto adjoining, rifled, spoyled and caried away." The Russia Company, backed by the usual monopoly, did, however, come into being: the Tsar granted it a permanent base; through the years its varying fortunes were to reflect the ups-and-downs in relations between England and Russia. It was Ivan the Terrible, by the way, not Napoleon,



Ambrosine Phillpotts: by Kanelba

Ambrosine Phillpotts is now acting in Robert Donat's production of "Emma," which comes to London in July. She is the only daughter of Admiral and Mrs. E. M. Phillpotts, and the wife of Mr. John Reiss, and has two small children. This portrait was painted by the well-known Polish artist Kanelba

who first called the English a nation of shopkeepers.

If the Scots did well out of the Imperial gifts, and were later to supply the Russian Navy with admirals, and Catherine the Great with the architect Cameron, it was Germany who profited, in a big way, by the disaccord between Britain and Russia—a disaccord, as Mr. Crankshaw

does not hesitate to point out, due largely to British mishandling and cold-shouldering. Having originally patronised the Russians as barbarians, we were later to resent them as flashy parvenus, for, in the early eighteenth century, Peter the Great crashed the select European party. His will, his furious impetus and his colossal expenditure brought Russia out of her ancient, almost Chinese seclusion. Snubbed by England; she could not fail to gravitate into the German orbit, as first personified by Frederick the Great, of Prussia. Catherine the Great, who was to make Russia's Empress the most spectacular figure of her century, was by birth a German princess. Mr. Crankshaw traces the whole sad process, the repetition by us of mistakes in policy, of which the final fruit was the Russo-German Pact of 1939.

England and Russia have suffered, in regard to each other, from being placed at the two extremities of a continent. For centuries England saw few Russians, and perhaps judged rather too rigidly by the few she met; for instance, Mr. Crankshaw thinks quite a lot of trouble dates back to the too uproarious visit of Peter the Great to London during William and Mary's correct reign. The alliance

(Concluded on page 216)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

COWS, hens and women should always proceed at a stately pace.

By Richard King

can be very cruel, but it can also be very kind. Otherwise the population

might drop alarmingly.

On the run they are invariably ridiculous. Stamping, they achieve the farcical. Strangely enough, too, they raise a latent sadism in us all. Who watching them hurrying forward but has not yearned to turn that rush into a rout? An outraged feeling for the appropriate inclines us to make bad worse. Like any except the slimmest female figure in trousers, from whom we turn our gaze lest the right hand forget its chivalry. Like so many women who don halo hats, all unconscious, apparently, that theirs is a face which should be shaded, not outlined.

Well, I suppose comparatively few among us are born with the art of making the best of ourselves. And, if you are not born with it, to achieve it requires an objective self-criticism which few attain. Happily, Nature has made love not only blind but creative. It requires only the simplest material in order to fashion the perfect image. Often mere propinquity will do the trick. Spring's early days of sunshine can bring results. Good cooking even can lend love wings; while the only man who has really noticed her can win many a lonely woman's heart. Which, on the whole, is extremely fortunate for nearly all. And explains, incidentally, the always perplexing problem as to why people fall for each other when, in your own opinion, not even a moon, soft music, a bottle of wine and nothing better to do would, in their case, ever make you "dream." Nature

When the one we love is not sought by all and sundry, the reaction within our hearts is a mixture of gratification and perplexity. Thus we torment ourselves by the idea that the man with whom our darling is dancing may be seeking to rob us of our heart's desire; when, in reality, he is finding her merely a pleasant bore. And many a woman has had her evening's enjoyment ruined by another woman's attention to the man she loves, when, in the mind of her presumed rival, the predominant thought has been how soon to get away politely from a "dope."

Like turns towards like, or unlike towards unlike, or—which is more probable—half-alike veers towards half-alike; but, as nobody quite knows which it has been in their case until they have been five years married, the possible explanation is that love can work on almost any kind of material to create its idol. One has only to gaze back fondly on those whom we have loved to wonder secretly whatever could have been the matter with us at the time. Especially when, as each followed the other, true love was then always born for the very first time. It nearly always is! No wonder, therefore, crooners are still allowed to croon. Their crooning fits admirably into the more blind spots of love's mood. Propinquity, plus a little opposition, can accomplish all the rest. And a war will accelerate matters gloriously!



"Winter Meeting"
By A. J. Munnings, P.R.A.

Country Scene: More Pictures from the Royal Academy



"Home Guard: Sunday Morning"
By Harold Williamson



"A Country Vet."
By J. K. Kirby



"Bringing Up the Horses"
By James Bateman, R.A.



"Crab Pots"
By C. R. W. Nevins, A.R.A.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 201)

to give several performances in the county. Two of the children who enjoyed it thoroughly were Charles and Catherine Flower, who were brought by their mother, Mrs. Fordham Flower. They are the grandchildren of Sir Archibald Flower, who has done so much for Stratford-on-Avon, and who worked so hard for the rebuilding of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Lady Willoughby de Broke brought her small son, the Hon. David Verney, who is a gloriously natural child and roared with laughter at the clowns, applauded everything and was simply thrilled when the elephant appeared. Mrs. Hickman—a fairy god-mother to all children—took a party, among them the two young sons of the late Colonel Arkwright, 12th Lancers, who was killed in action in Libya. Lady Renwick, wife of Sir Robert Renwick, the Controller of Communications at the Air Ministry, brought her young family over in a pony-cart; Mrs. Philip Dunne came from her home at Chadshunt with her three children; Mrs. Douglas Forster had her little girl, Tessa, with her, and Mrs. Jimmy Dance brought her son and daughter.

Wintry Weather

It was more like "chasing" weather than "flat" for the third Windsor meeting—a great contrast to the preceding meeting—and there were many fur coats and tweed coats to be seen. The Countess of Minto was wearing a lovely purple herringbone tweed coat, and looking far too young to be the mother of grown-up daughters; the Countess of



A Cheque For Prisoners of War

Swaabe

Mr. W. A. Baker, a licensed victualler of St. John's Wood, presented a cheque for £300 for the Prisoners of War Fund to Mrs. Styles-Allen, Mayoress of Marylebone, who was accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Simon Rodney. The money was collected in Mr. Baker's tavern for the Red Cross Penny a Week Fund, and the weekly target is 30s.

Rosebery, who does not often come racing these war days, was with her daughter and son-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, watching their horse Star Spangled being saddled; the Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly came with her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Brian McGowan, who was staying with her at her house near Windsor; and Lord Nunburnholme, who has been farming hard since he was invalided out of the Army on his return from the Middle East last year, was in cracking form and finding winners. Another farmer having a day off was Capt. Hector Gordon, who in pre-war days was one of our leading amateur riders; Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, very attractive in blue and red, was discussing form with Capt. Tom Blackwell and Mrs. Noel Cannon, who was delighted at her husband's successful afternoon—he saddled two winners and a second for his patron, Mr. J. V. Rank. Incidentally, Vigorous was one of the four successful mounts of the champion jockey, Gordon Richards, on his fortieth birthday. Miss Elizabeth Allen, the clever young actress, with her husband, Mr. Bill Linnet, in khaki—they are both great racing enthusiasts; Lady Elizabeth Clyde, with a gay blue handkerchief on her fair hair, was accompanied by Capt. Tommy Clyde, on twenty-four hours' leave; Lady Veronica Maddick came with Mrs. Rupert Byass, and there were such regulars as Lord and Lady Manton, the Hon. Robert Watson, General Kid Kennedy, Mr. Bernard van Cutsem, Capt. Jack Clayton and his sister, Lord Portarlington, Lord Stanley, Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Sir Francis Towle, Sir Eric Mieville, Lord Killeen and Sir Humphrey de Trafford.

Controller G. M. Heaton, whose picture we published on April 26th, is Deputy Director, A.T.S., Western (not Eastern) Command. Apologies for the mistake.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

against Napoleon made things look up; and a nascent fancy for Russia was symptomised by a number of picture-books in which artless Russians are shown bouncing on seesaws, or in the throes of some national dance. But then came the Eastern Question, and the Crimean War. Later, translation into English of the great Russian novelists opened a literary epoch that has not closed yet. And then, of course, came the Ballet.

I have, I fear, reviewed *Russia and Britain* with a sketchiness that it in no sense deserves. This is a book of gravity and distinction; its blend of history and psychology gives it aspects on which I have not left room to touch. Mr. Crankshaw issues a far from untimely warning against the dangers of over-idealising Russia. He also warns us not to try and like Russians because they are like ourselves. They are not at all like us; they are like themselves only. To begin to like them on that basis may take rather longer, but would be worth while. At the same time—as he equally and quite firmly points out—all the effort should not remain on our side, however much denseness or coolness we may have to atone for. It is up to the U.S.S.R. to repair, with regard to us, an ignorance that, up to recently, was astounding.

Solitaries

"O'CONNOR," once said W. B. Yeats, "is doing for Ireland what Chekhov did for Russia." In my reading for this week, I passed from the Slav to the Celt in taking up, with an anticipation that was not disappointed, Frank O'Connor's new book of short stories, *Crab Apple Jelly* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). It would be too much to say that Russian writing has handed across to the Irish a ready-made key to their nature; but it has, I think, encouraged the Irish to find, or rather to forge, a key of their own. Within the last fifty years Ireland has built herself up a magnificent prose literature: a literature that does not deny weakness, that rises clear of sentiment to an august pity; that is at the same time racy, realistic, objective.

Those who like Ireland least must still admit that she is a fertile breeding-ground for character. Even in her few big cities the mass-produced individual is rare: the level of idiosyncrasy is high. Even when packed tightly among his fellows, in the city, the country town or the crowded farmhouse community, each man (and, for that matter, most women) lords it over his interior world of fantasy. Talk is as erratic as private thought; behaviour veers before impulses. There is fatalism, not only with regard to oneself, but with regard to one's neighbour, who is as unaccountable. The English, I think, are always a little put out if somebody does not do the expected thing; but though there are many more reasons for rage in Ireland, the above has seldom been one of them. Crabbed, independent folk, wild growths, solitaries, and the oddnesses of their solitary behaviour have been the ingredients of *Crab Apple Jelly*—translucent and firm as a well-set jelly, and as pungently flavoured, is Mr. O'Connor's art. The opening story, "The Bridal Night," drew my tears; the others remain in balance between the tragic and comic, with, on the whole, a cheerful trend to the latter. "The House that Johnny Built," "The New Teacher," "The Star that Bids the Shepherd Fold," "Uprooted" and "The Mad Lomasseys" seemed to me above all to be praised. These are not tales of bog and mountain and lake, but of Cork city, of watersides, and of the square and parlours, pubs, shops and school-rooms of small country towns, whose psychological atmosphere is as rich as a plum cake.

Enigma

"CLUES TO CHRISTABEL," by Mary Fitt (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.). It is so good as a novel that I should hesitate to call it a crime-novel (though the plot hinges on the mystery of a death) for fear of putting off those who dislike that genre. Christabel Strange, a young best-selling authoress, has died a year before the story begins, leaving her "literary remains" and her country home to be quarrelled over by her family and her friends. George Cardew, the young doctor who had been Christabel's playmate, arrives in the house near the Wye Valley to find himself between opposite, bitterly hostile, camps. The Stranges, from the eccentric grandmother down, are a good, ancient yeoman family run to seed; they take a low view of the literary hangers-on who had entered their Christabel's life since her success. And the scales are, by Miss Fitt, pretty heavily weighted against what one of my colleagues would call "the booky boys and girls," headed by the appalling Marcia. In the main, it is Christabel's life—was she happy or unhappy; whom, if she loved at all, did she love?—that is the pervasive mystery, rather than her death. It is George Cardew who comes on the final, and poignant, clue.

How?

"DEATH INVADDES THE MEETING" (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.) is, like all of John Rhode's, a *straight* detective story, in which character plays little or no part. The means by which an unpopular bibliophile, who was at the same time chairman of the village Invasion Committee, came to his death in his own library arouse the curiosity of Dr. Priestley. Poor Superintendent Hanslet, who investigates quite efficiently on his own, becomes a buffoon from the moment his idol enters.

SOBER TRUTH

At the Annual General Meeting of J. Brockhouse & Co. Limited, the Chairman, Mr. J. T. Brockhouse, O.B.E., J.P., said (*inter alia*):

"It is essential, as we feel the approach of the end of hostilities in Europe, that thought should be given to the methods that will be adopted in rebuilding the structure of trade in conformity with the improvements in social conditions which we all hope to see after the war is won. We appreciate that this must be done without relaxing our war efforts, and indeed it is essential that nothing should be left undone which will bring final victory a single day nearer."

"Industry will have a large part to play in this new structure, and it is only through industry that the improved standards of life can be made a possibility. It is in the interests of all that the standards of life in this country, and in the world generally, should be on the highest level possible, but it is equally clear that to live at all we have got to be competitive in the world's markets."

Only by the true appreciation of fundamental principles such as this; thinking clearly and acting decisively, can the Battles of Peace be won.

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Right: Robert, rising three, has a long-sleeved check blouse, matched up with plain knickers. Dayella: 15s. 6d. (16 ins.), 16s. 1d. (18 ins.). 5 coupons

Photographs by
'Denes



Michael Holds a Watching Brief



Elizabeth, with all the assurance of four and a half years, faces up to the camera. Her red and white check frock of Dayella has matching knickers. 17s. 5d. (18 ins.), 18s. 7d. (20 ins.), 18s. 11d. (22 ins.). 5 coupons

Right: Making a daisy-chain is a serious affair when you're just three. Judy is wearing a Dayella red smock with tiny white spots. 12s. 7d. (16 ins.), 13s. 1d. (18 ins.). 4 coupons



Collapse of Michael Brings Ring-a-Ring-a-Roses to an End

All the children's clothes on this page are by William Hollins and Co., makers of Viyella. They are on sale at Peter Robinson's, Selfridge's and Dickins and Jones



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

AFTER the bomb assault on Hitler in the Munich Braunhaus, the following notice appeared in the windows of several butchers' shops in Munich next morning, and was eyed doubtfully by the Gestapo.

"There will, unfortunately, be no lard or pork today as the swine was not killed yesterday."

OFFICERS in the U.S. Army Transportation Corps in Persia had some lessons to learn in handling native labour: One lieutenant thought he was very smart when he gave wheelbarrows to his road gang of Iranians, who were hauling cement in buckets on their heads.

"Now," said the young officer to his superior, "you'll see the work hum."

For one day the workers politely wheeled their barrows to and fro, but by the next day they had removed the wheels and were carrying the barrows filled with cement upon their heads.

A PRE-WAR Army story:

The commanding officer of a battalion quickly gained the high esteem of his N.C.O.s by his ability to handle any situation that arose. So the sergeant-major, who had been a corporal about three months before and was now acting as adjutant, was all attention when the C.O. gave him some verbal orders to issue on the following day.

"There will be an eclipse of the sun tomorrow," said the C.O. "I want the battalion formed up on the parade ground, and I will explain it. If the sky is cloudy, have the men assembled in the mess hall instead."

That evening the following order appeared on the bulletin board:

"Tomorrow morning there will be an eclipse of the sun. The battalion will assemble on the parade ground at 10.00 hours, when the commanding officer will personally supervise the eclipse. If the sky is cloudy, the eclipse will take place in the mess hall."

THE following comes from *The Forum*, Johannesburg:

Sam Goldwyn's technique for picking personnel: In a conference he said to his assistant, "Now, I'll show you how I pick men. Send in the first applicant."

So in came a candidate and Goldwyn asked: "How much is two and two?" "Four," said the candidate. "Good," said Goldwyn, "that's correct. You wait in the ante-room."

Then came another candidate and Goldwyn asked: "How much is two and two?" "Six," was the answer. "Good," said Goldwyn, "that shows inventiveness, imagination, scope, ideas. Now wait in the ante-room."

And then came another candidate. So Goldwyn said, "How much is two and two?" "Thirty-nine," said the candidate. "Marvellous!" said Goldwyn. "Colossal! What a breadth of vision. What a conception! Wait in the ante-room." So the candidate left.

"And now," said Goldwyn to his assistant. "Which do you think I will take?"

"The one who said thirty-nine," said the assistant.

"No," said Goldwyn, "the one who said six."

"But why?" asked the assistant.

"Because," said the film chief, "he is my wife's nephew."



Leslie Henson, the well-known actor and producer, was married at the Bromley Register Office recently to Mrs. Harriet Martha Day. The bride has appeared on the stage in several Jack Hulbert productions and was in "Funny Face" with Leslie Henson at the Princes Theatre

THE clocks around were just striking twelve as the burglar quietly let himself into the city office. As he pushed his way through the curtains, he was startled to find the room brightly lit and a clerk hard at work on some account books.

"Ere, what's all this?" demanded the intruder, threateningly.

"What's all what?" replied the startled clerk.

"Well, it's a bit fishy ain't it, workin' on the books at this time o' night?"

THE school had been photographed in a group and the teacher was endeavouring to push the sale of copies to the children.

"Just think how nice it will be to look at when you are old," she said. "You will say, 'That's John—he's in the Government now.'"

A small voice came from the back of the class—"And there's teacher—she's dead!"

ON his appointment, the new manager of a bank was given some publicity, and photographs of him were reproduced in local newspapers. All were not flattering.

A depositor wandered in, walked up to the manager, produced one of the photographic reproductions, and asked: "Is this your picture?"

The manager admitted that it was.

"And are you the manager of this bank?"

The manager replied that he was.

"Well, give me my money," ordered the depositor.



The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



Attractive Jumper Suit for the Small Size

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Says Peter, the Squirrel . . .

"Hoard your coupons up like me
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With your book to **SELFRIDGE** go
Talk to their Advice Bureau.*
They will plan and they will plot
To make the most of all you've got."

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Air Painting

I DOUBT if aeroplanes will long retain their popularity with painters. This year's Academy shows them at their zenith. But they do not often seem to contribute to the emotional or artistic result. In fact, speaking as a mechanic and not an artist, I would say that they tend to detract from that result.

W. T. Monnington's pictures seemed to me the only ones where flight really played a part in the emotional content of the work. I think that the reason I liked Veronica Burleigh's "Intelligence Officer" was that the idea was so good. In this a flight lieutenant is shown seated in a room with models of aircraft and of a tank on the floor and he is playing the 'cello. Then there is the extremely successful portrait of Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris and the slightly less successful one of Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby in Herbert A. Olivier's "Bomber Command Conference, October, 1943." I also recognized another officer in the group shown and the atmosphere of the Commander-in-Chief's morning conference—at which the target is often chosen—is well rendered.

I suppose the truth is that people like myself, interested in a particular activity and seeking out only the paintings dealing with it, ought to be barred from visiting the Academy. Their reactions are inevitably warped. I can only say that if

had been buying a picture I would not have been any of those dealing, directly or indirectly, with aviation.



W/Cdr. Bateson Decorated

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands decorated W/Cdr. R. N. Bateson, D.S.O., D.F.C., with the Dutch Air Cross. Bateson led the daring attack carried out at zero level on a one-house target in The Hague. The house, bombed with brilliant precision, contained documents of the utmost value to the Germans.

Enemies of Aviation

FLYERS would be doing a useful service if they constituted themselves defenders of the birds. At this time of year (and the matter has already been ventilated in *The Times*) small boys go round destroying birds' nests. If they are questioned they cannot tell you why they do it. Modern education has turned them into hooligans of the hedgerows. When they had helped their fathers in the field they had no inclination or—put the worst interpretation upon it—no time, to go about destroying wild life. Now they have both time and inclination. One wonders what the slaughter will be when education gets still more money from the State than it is getting now. I would like to see every air pilot trying to help in the protection of nature flyers. I would like to see the small boys who destroy animals

life merely for the sake of destruction getting the thrashing they deserve.

H.P. on Government Control

SIR FREDERICK HANDLEY PAGE is one of those chosen few who can tell the Government what he thinks of them without offence because of the wit and thoughtfulness of his remarks. At the North Eastern Airways luncheon party he expressed in the clearest manner his opinion of Government control. It is an opinion which all of us who have been in aviation since the early days share. We are grateful to a great constructor and designer for putting it plainly and to the public without fear or favour. There can be no doubt that more people run their own businesses through timidity in putting forward their ideas when these seem to conflict with Government policy than from any other cause. The fact is that Government policy changes with the times, but that the facts of economic survival do not change and that the business executive who allows himself to believe that by currying favour with the Government he can stave off disaster is suffering from a delusion. There is no other way to survival than the straight statement of the facts as one sees them.

Aviation is in a particularly difficult position at the moment because its chief customer is the Government. Nobody knows, however, whether its chief customer will be the Government in the days to come.

Anyhow it all good to hear someone get up and say what he thinks as Sir Frederick did at this meeting. It will be a tonic to aviation enterprise.

Quip Courteous

ON the same occasion Lord Brabazon had an excellent story of Trippe, the great American air transport expert. I do not think it is quite suitable for retailing here, but it had its special significance to British air lines operators, and it gave appropriate tribute to Trippe's popularity and efficiency. The conference seem to have been a success and to have elicited a good deal of interesting comment. In fact, it is a pity that the larger air transport companies, British and Allied, did not take part in them. Air transport problems demand the collision of many different views. That is the only way to sort out the facts and to arrive at a single sensible policy. In fact discussion is the first need of the moment. Meanwhile we can be sure that the international situation is being handled with vigour by the Government and that the technical side is being well studied. The technical future of air transport is not—strange though it may seem—an exclusively technical problem. There is also required the wider, more general view. As I am satisfied that those who are working on the various committees studying this subject have that wider, more general view. In fact the air transport position is being handled as well as is possible under present conditions. In the long run I think that we shall be justified in deciding that war flying must overrule all other considerations and that peace air transport will have to do the best it can with the surplus of energy and attention that remains.



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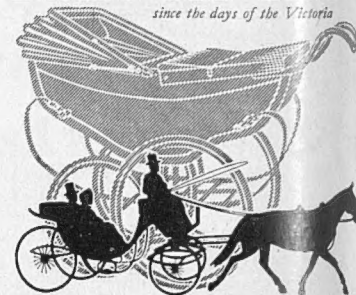
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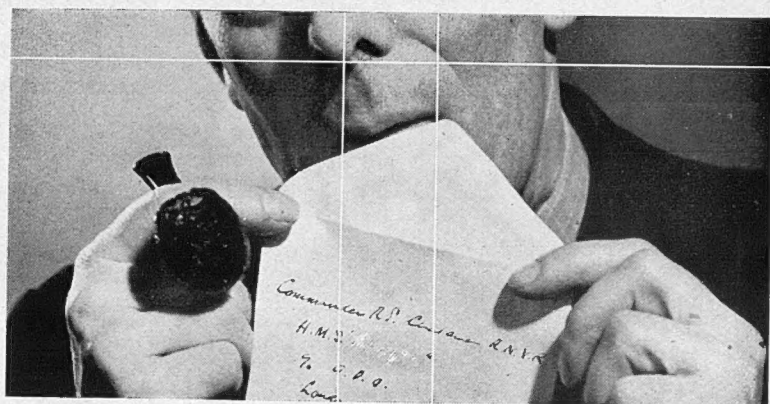
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